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THE MOTHERLESS.

God help and shield the motherless,
The stricken, bleeding dove—
For whom there gushes no rich fount
Of deep and deathless love!
The saddest title grief confers—
For who so lone as they,
Upon whose path a mother's love,
Sheds not its holy ray!

No gentle form above them, bends
To soothe the couch of pain—
Nor voice so fond as her's, essays
To calm the feverish brain.
Oh, other tongues may whisper love,
In accents soft and mild,
But none on earth so pure as that
A mother bears a child.

Judge kindly of the motherless—
A weary lot is theirs,
And oft the heart the gayest seems,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faithful voice directs their steps,
Or bids them onward press,
"And if they gang a kenna wrang,"
God help the motherless!

And when the tinfal and the frail,
The tempted and the tried,
Unspotted one shall cross thy path,
Oh, spurn them not asid—
Thou knowest not what thou hadst been
With trials even less—
And when thy lips would vent reproach,
Think they were motherless!

A blessing on the motherless,
Where'er they dwell on earth,
Within the home of childhood,
Or at the stranger's hearth!
Blue be the sky above their heads,
And bright the sun within,
O God, protect the motherless,
And keep them free from sin!

OH! ASK ME NOT.

BY S. H. DURAND.

Oh! ask me not for smiles to-night!
I can but only sigh!
Do streams reflect the moons fair light
When clouds o'erspread the sky!
No! sorrow's cloud is on my brow,
Its shadow in my heart,
And with the gay and joyous now
I cannot act a part.

Oh! ask me not for songs to-night!
"Twere all in vain to try!
Can the shattered bells give forth sweet tones
Along the busy sky!
When winter's cold and icy chain
Hath bound you murmuring stream,
It sings not sweetly o'er the plain,
As in the summer's beam.

My thoughts are with the loved and lost—
They're thronging around me now,
And with them come on memory's tide,
Sweet dreams of long ago,
That cause my lonely heart to grieve
For hopes of by-gone years;
Then ask not smiles or songs but leave,
Oh! leave me to my tears.

COTTON STATEMENT.—There have been received in Charleston during the past week 3,577 bales, (corresponding week last year 3,593 bales.) Exported in the same time to foreign ports 4,092 bales; coastwise 1,937 bales; making the total exports of the week 6,029 bales, and leaving on hand a stock of 25,202 bales, inclusive of 4,844 bales on shipboard not cleared against a stock of 22,657 bales same time last year.

The total receipts since our last report amount to 9,063 bales, against 11,538 bales same week last year; making a grand total since the 1st September to date of 2,662,465 bales, against 2,278,124 bales the same time last year, 1,989,402 bales the year previous.

The total exports to foreign ports amount to 5,311,542 bales, showing an increase of 595,550 bales from those of last year to the same time. The shipments to Northern ports show an increase of 394,763 bales. The stock on hand all the ports is 87,142 bales less than those of last year at the same period.

THE FAMINE IN GERMANY.—The famine in the mountain districts of Southern Germany is yet unabated, and provisions scarce and prices exorbitant. A letter to the New-York Express, dated Prague, June 3, says:

Families formerly in easy circumstances are reduced to beggary and to severe sufferings from hunger. Bakers sell bread of rye and oat bran at high prices; people gather common grass along the public roads and highways, and mow in the woods, cook and eat it to appease their hunger and prevent starvation. Such are a few of the many glaring features of the great famine, not in the least exaggerated, but authenticated by the official reports of the local authorities to their respective Governments. Truly, the wrath of God is upon us!

Importance of Personal Attention.

Mr. Barton: It was one of the wise sayings of that great philosopher, Dr. Franklin, "If you want any thing done well, go—do not send." There is in this, as in most of his sayings, a great practical truth, and in its observance much vexation and disappointment would be avoided, and much real gain be realized. In no business is it more applicable than that of planting; and in none are its consequences more disastrous. Ours is a business which has its times and its seasons, in which we must act promptly; or the opportunity once slighted never returns. How important that it be well improved! The man of ease says to his negro, "go plant the crop," trusting too often to his discretion or fidelity. The season for planting passes—the wheat, or the oats, come up too thin or too thick—or either, by turns—here too much have been sowed, there, too little. The corn somehow, doesn't come—badly dropped—ten grains in one hill, none in the next—one hand covering too deep, another scarcely hiding it from the sight of the first bird that passes that way in search of a breakfast. The cotton seed dropped in bunches—here a handful and there a skip. The happy negro comes not—it's all the same to him whether it is a good stand or a bad one. He, perhaps, is looking out for the approach of the overseer, or is watching the flight of birds, or perhaps still more happy in the opportunity of making up for loss of sleep the night before—nodding—when his attentions are all needed in the execution of his work. This badly done, but this fatal discovery is never revealed until the sad story of failure in the coming up is manifested. It is then too late—all the abuse and bluster common to such occasion cannot repair the injury.—Days may be appropriated to re-planting, which are needed about other work—still the evil exists, and the fate of the crop is fixed, and the loss of the year is the consequence—all for sending, instead of going. The fences are to be repaired—the order is given—the negro goes to his work, and the overseer remains to take his ease, or goes to seek his pleasure in employments more congenial to his taste. The work is done and in mid-season, when the crop is growing, and the work is pressing, some unassuming boy, or long nosed sow, takes a fancy that better fare would be found inside than outside the enclosure, and accordingly enters, bidding all their friends welcome. Then comes a fuss—negroes and dogs are paraded, the intruders are ejected, but not until they have got a taste not soon to be forgotten. This storm works off in excess upon the negro, for his unfaithfulness, but never brings back the damage done to the crop. The cotton is now up, and needs tending to stand. The negroes are sent, but the overseer says,—We need hardly scratch the picture you have seen it. The poor cut worm and the bee have many sins laid at their door, for which they will never have to account. The stand is spoiled, and the crop is lost, all for the want of going, instead of sending, to have so delicate a task performed. This sort of management is fun to grass, also—only having to lower its head a little, and submit to a little dusting, and as soon as your back is turned, to come up with greater boldness than ever again. The difference between the labor of good work, and that which is slighted, is very little, but the results are vastly different—all for the want of the master's eye. The mules have plowed half all day, when they are returned to their stable for rest and food.—The overseer goes to his supper, and soon to bed, while he sends the plowman to do the business of feeding and watering. Corn is thrown in profusion to night, and the poor animal, perhaps upon short allowance the night before, eats a perfect gorge, and in his fullness and heat, from the double portion of corn in his stomach, throbs for the cooling of water brook, where he comes to the work of death. Cook comes on, and the mule is lost, and the master and all wonder what could have produced it. All for sending and not going. The cattle go astray, the hogs are lost the meat-house is empty, the provisions wasted, and a thousand manacles are cast, just because Sando of Ten was sent. I am aware that I am perhaps reading a lecture to those who do not need it. For I would like to hope that I have not hit any of the readers of this journal. If I should have done so, however, I have no apology to offer, but would almost as much stand out of the way for the future. I bound not to offend any of that very worthy and valuable class of men who are engaged in the laudable business of overseeing. There are among them as good and faithful men as belong to the land. I would do these all honor and praise, by these certifications, to elevate their calling, by exposing the faithful, and helping by the example of the faithful, to improve, or drive from their ranks, all the drones who live only to pocket their year's salary, and leave the interests committed to their care, to take care of themselves. Do not forget the motto, "If you want any thing well done, go—if not, send."

STRAIGHTENED.

Gold! Gold! Gold!—Messrs. John Mason and Wiley Zimmerman passed through our village yesterday on their way from Charlotte (N. C.) Aunt, whether they had carried a quantity of the raw material, from Don's mine, for conage. We understand they brought back a ponderous bag of shining yellow pieces, which do credit to the richest mine on earth. Indeed, from the steadily continued and exceedingly abundant yield of Mr. D's present vein, we move an idea that it is perhaps the very richest now known. To see men walking about benevolently with gold coins! It really can't be named the glittering marvels of the Arabian Nights and magic industries of Paris and Genoa. The fact, of "Sando, the Sander" was truly a new trial to that of our neighbor Don.—*Edgefield Advertiser.*

When a man sees a darts wishes to communicate the intelligence that a daughter has been added to the family, he says that his domestic affairs have reached a crisis.

Agricultural Policy

The demand for corn is rapidly increasing in our district. Our most wealthy, intelligent and prudent farmers are compelled to purchase this, the most necessary of all articles of consumption, at the highest, we may reasonably say, the most exorbitant prices.

The Greenville and Columbia Railroad had scarcely reached the neighborhood of old Cambridge, before over three thousand bushels had been deposited in the very heart of the best corn growing region in our District. With land as well adapted to the production of grain as any in the world, with a slave population, a favorable climate, in fact blessed as it were with almost every facility, and possessing innumerable advantages for the cultivation of corn, why it may be asked, this great scarcity of the very soil of its itself! To what cause may it be attributed? It may be that farmers prefer making cotton with which to purchase corn—indeed we fear this is the whole secret. Many we know cultivate large crops of cotton, setting aside only a limited number of acres for corn.

The calculation then is, if the seasons prove favorable, I will raise enough of the latter article for my own consumption, and also a larger quantity of the former by means of which I shall not only have an abundant supply of provisions, but my pockets will be well lined with the much desired gold.

On the contrary, should the seasons turn out badly, which is frequently the case, he must be content with his own foolish indirection, and necessarily purchase his provisions upon the most extravagant terms—indeed at any price the seller may choose to place upon them—thus actually preferring contingency to certainty, and placing himself very often at the mercy of more fortunate, or rather more prudent neighbors. Now to raise our own provisions is undoubtedly conducive to our welfare, both public and private. Every man knows that he must have a sufficient quantity of corn and bacon for his own consumption. Very few, perhaps, are aware that if provided with an abundant supply of the above named articles of food, our cotton would control the world.

Situated as we are at present, for the next twenty years at least politically dead, looking forward to no federal honors, offices of emolument and expecting nothing but continual insult and aggression, it must certainly be a source of the greatest consolation and satisfaction to the South to know that cotton is emphatically king, that through this mighty and all-powerful stand, the South is literally not only mistress of the North but of the world. So urgent is the demand for cotton in England that the British Parliament has of late repeatedly decreed to set on foot the most strenuous efforts to procure a sufficient quantity for consumption. The English have decided both by words and actions, that it is with them a matter of life and death. In a late number of his "Household Words," Charles Dickens, among other striking facts, asserts the following:

"Let any great social or political convulsion visit the United States, and England would feel the shock from Louisiana to John O'Grate.—The lives of nearly two million of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crops of America—their destiny may be said, without any sort of hyperbole, to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befall the land of cotton, a thousand of our merchant ships would be idly hulked; ten thousand miles would stop their heavy-laden two million mouths would starve for lack of food to feed them, &c."

This indeed is not exaggeration. It is true verbatim and to the very letter, and *mutatis mutandis*, this striking fact is equally applicable to our Northern brethren.

By raising our own provisions, then, and thus rendering ourselves independent of Northern markets, the game is in our own hands. If we play it badly, it is our own fault, and upon our own heads be the consequences.—*Edgefield Advertiser.*

Hope.—A little girl was heading sorrowfully over a bed of flowers. Daily, through the summer, she watched their expanding buds; and nightly, through the autumn, protected them from the increasing cold. But a November frost settled upon them, and their bright petals and green leaves dropped to wave no again in the passing breeze. "Oh! cruel frost," she said, "dead! dead!" Then a voice, as from heaven, said to her, "Spring will come, and your flowers will bloom again." Hope sprang up from the bed of sorrow, and through all the long, cold winter, pictured the coming spring, radiant with leaves.

A mother wept beside the remains of her departed child. She murmured a flower far dearer to her than all the flowers of the field. Despair was well nigh closing over her dark waters, when upon her soul, in angel tones, softly fell these words—"The dead shall live again." Hope rose Heavenward, and ever after brightened all the pathway of her life.

That it is ever with human life. Hope lends enchantment to every scene. One has said that we suffer more from future and apprehended evils, than from those which are present; but it is not likewise true that the greater part of our enjoyment arises from what is in the future, from what we hope for! In that state of existence, where we shall be ere long, what is to be may appear no brighter than what it is. But here, if the present appear full of storms, behind every storm Hope paints a rainbow. The sailor beholds the stormy winds of the northern star beyond the wilder tempest, and eagerly watches for the falling of its trumpet beams between the rifted and retiring clouds. The pilgrim to the Holy Shinarump sees orientals from amid Abino snows, and plants his staff with firmer bold upon the icy crests of the precipice. To us Hope tells of brighter days to come. To the homeless wanderer, it speaks of home and friends; to the unhappy, of happiness; to the Christian, of the glories of eternity. It is a sympathizing friend, bringing consolation to the broken-hearted; a ray from the world of light, streaming through the "darkened casement" of the blind; Aolian music to those upon whose ears "earthly sounds never fall."

Oh, Hope! we had thee morning star of every joy, glorious harbinger of eternal life.

Young Ladies.

The whole is always equal to all its parts, embraces all the parts, and when you are told to seek, first, marriage, and then all things will be added thereto, you will see that the axiom is true in physical things. The "kingdom of heaven" is not where on earth embodied but so perfectly, so beautifully and so extensively as by scriptural hearts. The type of earthly concord agreement and happiness is that which is realized by a true wife and husband. There is their home and whatever we see of them in the world, manifested outside of that divine revelation, is but a faint reflection of the rays of this fountain of light and warmth. The test in all countries, in all times, and all hearts, of the amount and quality of joy, and of religion, is the married life that binds of families live.

If the family circle is radiant with smiles, kindness, attentions, courtesies, concord, agreements, appreciations, solicitudes, tender words, affectionate acts, and warm holy attachments, you may know that God dwells there, and that plenty and peace are centered profusely in the paths of such.

Life is a burden without such a union. All else may be had, and without this, the heart is single, is restless, yes, every other possession but gives loneliness to the pang which spontaneously rises from the absence of bestowed and received affection. Talent then but paints its loss, health but gives strength to lament, and riches but augment unhappiness, by amplifying your means for protection and generosity, in the absence of their legitimate object.

If the word of the young lady would like to know what will create and perpetuate individual virtue, we answer, that Affection, sincere, deep, internal and abiding, for One, will do it. This is the natural palladium of virtue, of innocence, of purity. The married state is the only one in which mankind is sure of genuine happiness. What are the words of the justice, of the minister, thus potent? What is the more association of man and woman thus fraught with such blissful consequences! O! no, the reverse; marriage is not the gift of a conjugal, nor of non-keeping; that union which is cemented by affection is spiritual, not carnal, not purchasable, but union it is a union of thought, of feeling, and of action will it makes One of two, and so perfectly furnishes the means for the heart's action, and so engrosses its powers as to make it a living, perpetual source of pure motives, of sweet enjoyment, and of eternal contentment.

Thus then is the Union for which you should seek, for which you should strive, and then all other wants will be added thereto. Old Elton was nothing more than such a marriage, with all its comforts, pleasures, joys, flowers, sunny influences, genial sympathies, and dove, intelligent tears and heavenly voices. When marriage is realized, then paradise will return; when you have obtained it, then life will be a reality, virtue a certainty, love a possession, and happiness as tangible as the sun at noon-day. When the world tell you its pursuit is but the pursuit of a phantom, that marriage is a cunning game, worse than an ignominious, simply refer to such tales in happiness, that they do not know what they say, that they speak without knowledge, and that it is a reality, and may be the possession of all if they choose.

Agricultural Wealth of the United States.

The census returns of 1850 as collated by Mr. Bell, a member of the House of Representatives from Ohio, show that the value of improved lands in the United States, estimated at an average of ten dollars the acre, amounts to \$1,125,420,000. The value of agricultural products for that year, including farming implements, live stock, wheat, corn, tobacco, wool, hay, butter, cheese, honey, sugar, and other items, added to the value of improved lands, makes a sum of \$2,000,000,000, not calculated perhaps with accuracy, yet sufficiently so to demonstrate the pre-eminence of the agricultural interest over all the other pursuits of productive industry.

The establishment of an Agricultural Bureau at the seat of Government, for the advancement of the great interest, would seem to be a thing so proper and natural, so much a matter of course, that no special urging would be required to effect its establishment. Yet, although recommended by Washington in substance, and by every succeeding President at times, without an exception we believe, nothing has ever been done to carry out so useful a design.

Ironing-out your Hair.—Advice from Port au Prince to the 12th, all state that the conscription for the increase of the army had again been resumed, and was being followed up with great vigor, as all males from 18 to 30 years of age were indiscriminately compelled to bear arms. The army is to be kept at a war footing and the master will not to number less than 30,000 fighting men. The ground crop of the island was abundant, and of good quality which affected the sales of breadstuffs and provisions, of which the market was glutted.

Deep Dividend.—The Bank of Hamburg on the 20th ultimo declared a dividend of 10 per cent. (\$4 per share or \$20 per cent. on the 1st last. This is a great dividend, being at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, in fact, it is the largest per cent. ever realized, having been declared by any banking institution, and speaks well for the prudent management of those controlling the financial affairs of the bank.

Cons of Thought.

Intellect is not the moral power; conscience is. Honor, not talent, makes the gentleman.

That state of life is most happy wherein superfluities are not required, and necessities are not wanting.

Pride destroys all symmetry and grace and affliction is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought; there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it the more clear and plentiful will it be.

Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, I'll save this year; if at each narrow interval you do not say, I'll save this hour.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ived tower, that sleeps while winter lasts but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

Real fidelity may be a lie, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

The triumph of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories deriving their highest lustre from the number saved, not of the slain.

It is useless to look forward to a future state of prosperity, if the present be not occupied towards laying the foundation of it. Many cling to a distant hope, and reject a progressive certainty.

It is one of the singular facts of the present state of society, that the qualities which in theory we hold to be the most lovely and desirable are precisely those which in practice we treat with the greatest contumely and disgrace.

When one sees a family of children going to school, in clean and well-mended clothing, it tells a great deal in favor of their mother; one might vouch that those children learn some valuable lessons at home whatever they may be taught at school.

People seek for what they call wit on all subjects and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flattery. Conceit is to nature what point is to beauty; it is not only needless but it impairs whatever it would improve.

WHAT IS TRUE PLEASURE?—The man whose heart is reborn with pure and unaffected piety, who looks upon the great Creator of the Universe in that just and amiable light which all His works reflect upon him, cannot fail of tasting the most sublime pleasure in contemplating the stupendous and innumerable effects of His infinite goodness.

Whether he looks abroad on the moral or natural world, his reflections must still be attended with delight; and the sense of his own unworthiness, so far from lessening, will increase his pleasure, while it places the forbearing kindness and indulgence of his Creator in a still more interesting point of view.

If his mind may dwell upon the present, look back to the past, or stretch forward into the future, with equal satisfaction; and the more he indulges contemplation, the higher will his delight arise. Such a disposition as this seems to be the most secure foundation on which the fabric of true pleasure can be built.

Next to the veneration of the Supreme Being, the love of human kind seems to be the most pleasing source of pleasure. It is a never-failing one to him who, possessed of this principle, enjoys all the power of indulging his benevolence—who makes the superiority of his fortune, his knowledge, or his power subservient to the wants of his fellow creatures.

It is true there are few whose power of fortune is so adequate to the wants of mankind as to render them capable of performing these acts of universal beneficence; but a spirit of universal benevolence may be possessed by all; the bounteous Author of Nature has not proportioned the pleasure to the greatness of the cause.

The contemplation of the beauties of the universe, the cordial enjoyments of friendship, the tend and delights of love, and the rational pleasures of religion, are open to all mankind, and each of them seems capable of giving real happiness.

A FORGOTTEN MAN.—A man endowed with an extraordinary capacity for forgetfulness, was tried at a short time ago at Paris for vagabondage.—He gave his name as Auguste Lessive and he said he was born at Bourges. As he had forgotten his age, the registry of births in that city from 1812 to 22 was consulted, but only one person of the name of Lessive had been born there during that time, and that was a girl.

"Are you sure your name is Lessive?" asked the Judge.

"Well, I thought it was, but may be it ain't."

"Are you confident you were born at Bourges?"

"Well, I others supposed it was, but I should not wonder if it was somewhere else."

"Where does your family live at present?"

"I don't know, I've forgotten."

"Can you remember ever having seen your father or mother?"

"I can't recollect, to save myself, sometimes I think I have, and then again, I think I haven't."

"What trade do you follow?"

"Well, I'm either a tailor or a cooper, and for the name of me I can't tell which, at any rate, I'm neither one nor the other."

"Have you ever been in prison?"

"I don't think I have, if I had it seems to me I should recollect it."

Mr. Lessive was accordingly sent there, and during a period of six months retirement he will have superior advantages for refreshing a memory which, doubtless, by the great stock of useful knowledge, acquired by long intercourse with vicissitude and misfortune.